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24 sely. vnseasingly. 25 and] *om.* yn. prosperitye. 26 curyous clerkes. they. 27 low. *oper.* 28 *pat* wer ryzt knyghtly yn har tyme. spareth non. 29 oon. 30 labereres. fayn. wold. 31 kan. thenk. 32 hymself. prouyde. who that. 33 Behold. thys. withyn thyself and. 34 Thys. world ys transsitorie. Joye. gon. 35 Which yn. ys. aduersyte. 36 two wayes. most nedyst. chese oon. 37 choyes. lent] yeue. alon. 38 wyt. rule. thy lyberte. 39 goo mysse. other. non. 40 Thy self. art. *all*, etc.] thyn ynyquyte. 41 Oo. yn hye felycyte. 42 remembryth. apon. 43 Thenk. *that*] *om.* flesch. and] as. lusty folke as ye. 44 they. wher war. sodenly. hau. 45 other. yn thys. ys. non. 46 mynd. yfyrmyte. 47 And whan ye leest wene ye way. calde apon. 48 *your* tyme ys sette non serteunte. 49-56 C. omits this stanza. 57 Thys. myrrour. mortalityte. 58 old. yong. loketh apon. 59 eye. behold. 60 Thenk all mankend schall reste vnder erthe & stone. 61 Therefor I pray me. cryste alon. 62 That for our alther gylt deyed vpon a tre. 63 Vs. fro. ovr. gostly for. 64 vs. yn. perpetuyte. *Amen For charite.*

*Note.*—There were three Cromwells, father, son, and grandson who bore the Christian name Ralph. Their seat was at Tattershall in Lincolnshire, twelve miles northwest of Boston. The Norman castle was rebuilt by Sir Ralph 3d, in the reign of Henry VI. He likewise erected a lofty tower, with a spiral staircase, four miles to the north of his castle. The reference in line 53 seems therefore to point directly to this baron, who was much the most prominent man of the three, rising to be Treasurer of the Realm. In 17 Henry VI, Lord Cromwell founded the College of Tattershall, an act of piety which may well have commended him to the priestly writer of these lines. Associated with him in this was Judge William Paston (Dugdale, *Monasticon*, ed. 1846, VI, 1432) who was, I have elsewhere tried to show, a patron of Lydgate. This Lydgatean poem, while probably not by the monk, is strongly reminiscent of his work, and apparently influenced by his *Dance of Machabree*.

Sir Ralph's tomb, though not in its original position, and sadly mutilated, is still in the Church of his College. While our poem is the only evidence that the tomb was erected during his life-

time, it is known that his niece's tomb was so erected, from a clause in her will, and from the cutting of the date of her decease. The practice was common. The inscription on Sir Ralph's tomb, half of which is lacking, as one brass plate is gone, reads as follows :

Hic jacet Nobilis Barō Radulphus Cromw  
[ell Miles dñs de Cromwell quōdā Thesaurarius]  
Anglie et fundator huius Collegii cum inclite  
[Consorte sua Margareta et una hered' dñi dayncourt]  
qui quidā Radulphus obiit quarto die mēs Jan-  
[uarii Anno d'i Millio CCCC LVº Et p'dict Margareta]  
obiit XVº die mēs Septēbre Anno dñi Millio CC  
[CC liiii Quor' aiābs p'picietur Deus Amen.]

The Caligula text, printed by Varnhagen in *Anglia* years ago, lacks the all-important stanza about the Cromwells, and otherwise alters the poem to admit of a general application. It is evident that the poem in the earlier form was written to hang by the tomb until the inscription should be needed to record the demise of its builders. So far as I know, this is the only specimen in English mediæval literature of this use of poetry. Many of Lydgate's pieces were written to hang before images such as a crucifix, a "Pity," or the like ; but none for this purpose. A representation of the Dance of Death may have accompanied the Cromwell poem.

A second unique feature of this poem is its rhyme-scheme a b a b b a b a, with the whole poem written on two rhymes.

I am indebted to the Rev. F. M. Yglesias, rector of Tattershall, for the tomb inscription and other details concerning it.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

*Yale University.*

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*Three Philosophical Poets—Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe.* (Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, Vol. I.) By GEORGE SANTAYANA. Harvard University, 1910. Pp. viii + 215.

"Comparative Literature" is a notoriously unhappy term to have been devised (or mistranslated) by reputable scholars, in order to designate the study of the intellectual relations between different peoples. But the name chances

to have a somewhat literal applicability to the volume with which the new series founded by Professor Schofield auspiciously opens. Professor Santayana's book is a contribution rather to literature than to learning. It is a comparison and criticism of three typical criticisms of life, written by a somewhat untechnical and temperamental philosopher who is also a poet and a master of English prose style. The author is, indeed, hardly so innocent of erudition, at least in the section on Dante, as in his preface he modestly gives himself out to be. But 'scholarship' is for Mr. Santayana a means to an end, and a means not to be accumulated beyond the requirements of the end. It is the fruit of reflection, not of research, that he offers. It is, perhaps, not wholly fortunate that the book is published as one of a series of learned works, since it is on that account a little less likely to reach the general public. And though it is a book which no specialist in Lucretius or Dante or Goethe can afford to leave unread, it should appeal also to a far wider circle of readers.

The criticism is by no means impressionistic. It has behind it the matured philosophy of the five volumes of *The Life of Reason*. That philosophy has been described as a humanistic materialism. Primary in it is a radical cleavage between facts and values, reality and human ideals. Nature is an exclusively mechanical system. Yet upon it, or within it, there has somehow supervened a system of values:—the preferences, tastes, rational estimates of good and bad, characteristic of man's mental life. To all natural processes these evaluations are curiously irrelevant; for in his most consistent moments Mr. Santayana recognizes that even human nature in all its external expressions is but a part of nature, and therefore a part of the cosmic machine; "consciousness" (of which volition is an aspect), he has said, is merely "a lyric cry in the midst of business." Yet it would be too much to expect a mechanistic philosopher who is also a moralist to adhere to the rigor of this doctrine; upon human action his ideals are after all meant to have a bearing, and from the actual make-up of human nature they derive their content. But with respect to external nature, at least, those ideals are wholly autonomous; man is not called upon to feel any promiscuous piety

towards things as they are. Mr. Santayana's own scale of moral and æsthetic values is not such as usually goes with a *realwissenschaftlich*, mechanistic philosophy. With a Democritic metaphysics he combines an Aristotelian ethics—*minus* the residuum of Platonic otherworldliness that survives even in Aristotle. By what he calls "the illusion of progress," Mr. Santayana does not suffer himself to be deceived; and for the romantic restlessness and the romantic sentimental egoism his aversion is extreme. His notion of the good is of an essentially static and quasi-æsthetic sort:—a life lived liberally and filled with interests in objective ends and impersonal values, but lived also with restraint and discipline, with a certain Greek sense of the limitations of human existence, and without illusions about oneself or humanity or the universe.

To what the Germans would call "moments" in his philosophy, Mr. Santayana's three poets correspond; and Lucretius and Dante, at least, represent "positive" as well as "negative moments." Lucretius is the poet who more nearly than any other faced nature as it is:—not nature as a collection of landscapes or as an excuse for the pathetic fallacy, but nature in its causes and its total sweep—and thus in its nakedness, its vastness, and its alienness to the wistful hopes and sentiments of men. Thus to see nature in its truth was to see something of at least the negative side of human life in its truth. But "Lucretius' notion of what is positively worth while or attainable is very meagre." Dante, on the other hand, has a profoundly false conception of reality, since his universe is built up by conceiving ideal values as furnishing both the general framework and the origin of the world of facts. But though his philosophy "was not a serious description of nature or evolution, it was a serious judgment upon them." His ethical discernment, half Aristotelian in its sources, was, it is true, much vitiated by Platonistic mysticism, by a Hebraic excess of wrath against individuals, and by a desire—which is perhaps an idol of the tribe—to visit upon moral folly retributions other than its own intrinsic consequences. Yet in the realm of moral values he remains a great master—"the master of those who know by experience what is worth knowing by experience."

Goethe's *Faust*, however, seems to represent

chiefly (not quite exclusively) a "negative moment" in the critic's philosophy. At the outset, indeed, some very handsome and not unsympathetic things are said of the poet and his masterpiece; but the sequel compels one to suspect that these eulogies are a little perfunctory. Thus we are told that "Goethe was the wisest of mankind, too wise, perhaps, to be a philosopher in the technical sense." Yet we presently find an explicit philosophy, an "official moral," attributed to the *Faust*; and we are pretty plainly told that 'wisdom' is precisely what that philosophy most conspicuously lacks. The poet's hero, whose story is confessedly a sort of spiritual autobiography told in allegory, is represented as incapable of learning even the most elementary wisdom from any amount of experience,—the wisdom of the Delphic γῶθι σαυρόν, the knowledge of the natural limitations of man's lot and of his powers and legitimate desires. A vast acquaintance with the raw material of life it is admitted that Goethe had, and a frequent episodic sagacity about the incidents of it. But in its general character the career of Faust is "a career of folly"; and, however joyfully the angelic hosts may sing over the final *Erlösung* of the hero, from folly he remains (in Mr. Santayana's eyes) unredeemed at the end. Accordingly, as philosopher and moralist Goethe is ranked the lowest of the three poets. In *Faust* we have merely the undigested elements of the life of reason—"the turbid flux of sense, the cry of the heart, the first tentative notions of art and science." For the ideal of the poem, as construed by Mr. Santayana, is the ideal of keeping moving for motion's sake, of pursuing ever new experiences, not, perhaps, without regard to their relative intensities, but quite without regard to their rational significance. Doubtless Faust *immer strebend sich bemüht*; but he does not strive anywhither in particular, nor does he, by all his striving, ever gain or seek to gain any radical transformation of his own character or "any revolution in his fortunes, as if in heaven he were going to be differently employed than on earth." How Faust will eventually conduct himself even in heaven, Mr. Santayana predicts, in a delightfully witty passage too long to quote. Faust's last act on earth, at all events—the culmination (as Mr. Santayana might aptly have

quoted from Eckermann) of what Goethe considered *eine immer höhere und reinere Tätigkeit bis ans Ende*—is, as the critic notes, a piece of cowardly rascality slightly mitigated by hypocrisy. The hero, as Eckermann tells us that the poet did not deny, behaved at the last very much after the fashion of King Ahab—who has not commonly passed for an ideal type of human nature.

Mr. Santayana's lecture on Goethe is thus an incident in the assault upon romanticism now going briskly forward in many quarters. But to treat *Faust* as a sort of Bible of sentimental romanticism is a somewhat paradoxical thing. The "official moral" which the critic finds in the play is not only different from, it is almost the contrary of, the moral conventionally drawn. On the ground of his dying speech Faust is often represented as making an edifying end in the character of a utilitarian philanthropist, finding his own happiness chiefly in his prevision of the happiness of humanity to which his labors are to contribute. (Faust's last words can, in fact, be closely paralleled from the biography of—Jeremy Bentham!) The hero has come down to earth, he has learned through experience the vanity of unbounded desires and unchastened passions, has come to find his ideal in controlled will and in creative work within the normal limits of human action. Not so does Mr. Santayana read the *haec fabula docet*. He finds that the old man's interest in the future generations of industrious burghers who are to dwell behind his leaky dykes is still "a masterful, irresponsible interest. . . . He calls the thing he wants for others good because he now wants to bestow it on them, not because they naturally want it for themselves." "He would continue, if life could last, doing things that in some respects he would be obliged to regret; but he would banish that regret easily, in the pursuit of some new interest, and on the whole, he would not regret having been obliged to regret them."

If *Faust* is to be taken (as Mr. Santayana takes it) as a self-contained whole, in abstraction from all the rest of Goethe and from the results of all recent *Faust*-analysis, this account of its general spirit and ethical import seems to me as defensible as any other, and more defensible than the usual school-book version of its moral. But

of course the play ought not so to be taken—though to say this is to say, what is the fact, that the poet's selection of incident and allegorical material even in the Second Part fails to convey coherently and unequivocally any one, consistent, philosophical conception. The teaching of Goethe cannot so simply be read off from the actual behavior of his hero as can the teaching of Lucretius or Dante from their directly didactic and incomparably better unified poems. His dominant idea repeatedly disguised itself in the form of similar but essentially distinct ideas. Yet, of course, a dominant idea is there; and through it Goethe helped bring about a species of *Umwertung aller Werte* which most minds that have learned much from the past century's reflection have accepted, but to which Mr. Santayana seemingly remains irreconcilable. It consists of an apotheosis of the notion of becoming, of a conviction that the ultimate values of existence lie not in the goal but in the process and in the inner experiences which accompany it, of a hatred of that finality and *αἰράρκεια* which, in one way or another, most Greek ethics conceived as the supreme good. These are matters about which philologists presumably do not much concern themselves, and they need not, therefore, be discussed here. But it is pertinent to point out that a conscious and reflective adoption of these 'romantic' ideals is quite a different thing from a childlike immersion in the "turbid flux of sense"—a fact which Mr. Santayana hardly sufficiently notes. To have the same sort of mystical feeling, and even austere devotion, towards "striving" and the *vereilender Wert* of every-day human experience that Dante had towards the timeless, incomprehensible abstraction of *l'eterno valore* (surely a far less rational thing to feel mystically about)—this is far from equivalent to being merely limited to "life in its immediacy." And it was this transfiguration of the immediate which was characteristic of Goethe, not the sort of simple-hearted restriction to the immediate which Mr. Santayana often seems to ascribe to him. The reader of much of the chapter on Goethe might easily suppose that poet to be characterized chiefly by a sort of barbaric *naïveté*. But, whatever else Goethe was, he was not *naïf*; nor is it through *naïveté* that the modern world has so

largely come to a certain way of thinking about the nature of good and the nature of things, which the author of *Faust* confusedly foreshadowed.

A. O. LOVEJOY.

*Johns Hopkins University.*

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*Eructavit.* An Old French Metrical Paraphrase of Psalm XLIV, published from all the known manuscripts and attributed to Adam de Perseigne, by T. ATKINSON JENKINS. Dresden, Max Niemeyer, 1909. 8vo., xlv + 128 pp. (Gesellschaft für romanische Literatur, Band 20.)

In undertaking a critical edition of the old French poem *Eructavit*, Professor Jenkins has chosen a task which presents many difficulties. An anonymous work, containing a far-fetched exposition of the forty-fourth Psalm of the Vulgate, and possessing little literary value, it is interesting as one of the few literary texts written in the eastern dialect. But as not one of the fourteen manuscripts in which it is preserved was written in the original dialect of the author, a reconstruction of the text was the most important duty of an editor, and in this reconstruction Professor Jenkins has shown commendable judgment.

The poem affords only slight evidence of the date and place of writing. The allusions to "ma dame de Champagne" (v. 3) and to "la jantis suer le roi de France" (v. 2079) are beyond doubt addressed to that famous patroness of literature, Marie de Champagne, the sister of Philip Augustus (1179–1223). That the author was an ecclesiastic is a certainty, that he wrote the paraphrase when Marie was mourning for the death of her husband (1181) is made probable by the fact that the psalm on which it is based was used in church services not only on Christmas morning, as noted by the author (vv. 15 ff.), but also on the Festival of Mary Magdalene, the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, the Commemoration of the Virgin, and the Blessing of the Vestments of Widows, according to the Westminster Missal,<sup>1</sup> which was

<sup>1</sup> *Missale ad usum ecclesie Westmonasteriensis*, ed. J. W. Legg (Henry Bradshaw Society), fasc. I, 58; II, 873, 1096; III, 1322; II, 1208; III, 1671.